

The Orangeburg News.

FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.

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FOR PRESIDENT.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR.
OF MISSOURI.

ORIGINAL STORY.

KATE RAYMOND.

A TRUE STORY OF

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN

IN

South Carolina.

BY REITA.

CHAPTER II.

The next day the troops were busily moving from place to place. Colonel Austen was ordered to Rocky River, Colonel Willis' regiment was stationed on L— river near Mrs. Raymond's plantation. The troops were busily employed in hunting up "forage," as they termed it. Douglass Raymond was to rejoin his command on the sixth. General C. was guarding the Bay Road Bridge on Rocky River, and Captain Raymond had orders to meet him there. The last evening he spent with his family was one of sadness to all. Mrs. Raymond never neglected the family altar. Regularly twice a day, were the household assembled and family worship held. The last night that Douglass spent at home, he selected the portion of Scripture for his mother, and requested her to pray for him. A sadness, a dark presentiment hung over him. He could not shake it off,—could not resist the feeling of sorrow. Could it be, that he was going to meet and face death soon? Do coming events cast their shadows before? When all was assembled, Mrs. Raymond read, and then knelt and prayed. Her soul seemed lifted upon the wings of faith and hope, as she poured her soul out in supplication, for the safety of her husband and children,—prayed that her precious boy might be spared, that her husband would return home from battle. She invoked the protection of God, besought that pity might touch the hearts of our enemies, and that they would spare our country, and stay the ravages of desolation by fire and sword. She prayed also for strength to bear resignedly the trials that might befall her.

All arose from their knees, feeling stronger, better, and more prepared to meet the heavy trial soon to come upon them. Shortly after prayers, the family retired to their chambers; but sleep was a stranger to their eyes. Douglass tossed restlessly from side to side, when, at last, he did fall into a troubled doze, dark dreams haunted him, horrid phantoms danced around him, wild weird forms gazed at him, tears trimming over their eyes, saying to him in sad, wild strains, "Come with us." And Mrs. Raymond retired but to pray for her only boy. All night unvoiced supplications went up to a Father's throne.

At breakfast the next morning, none could eat. Douglass only tasted a cup of coffee. Kate refused to touch any thing at all. It was a sad meal to mother and children.

Douglass made an attempt to be cheerful; and finally succeeded so well, as to divert Kate for a while.

"Mother, you will surely put away your silver, before the Yankee come in; won't you?"

"I think it would be a serious loss, if they succeed in taking it from you."

"Do you think we are going to let them get it, Douglass?"

"Why, sister, what you do?"

"No matter, I am not a bit afraid of Yankees; and I can show them that I am a daughter of General Raymond of the Confederate States Army, and that my brother is a Confederate States Captain. Douglass, do you remember that brace of pistols you sent me? Well, I am going to wear them, when Sherman and his army come on."

The feeble attempt made by Captain Raymond to assume cheerfulness, failed. A deep sorrow had taken possession of his soul. He had faced death in many forms, had braved the death-dealing bullets on many hard-fought battle-fields, and had never quailed. But, when the hour came for him to leave his mother and sister, tears of bitter grief rolled down his face. He left them situated as they had never seen before. An enemy would soon pass through the country,—an enemy, that he knew to be relentless, and merciless. The hour of parting was inexpressibly painful. Mrs. Raymond gave way to tears, and wept unrestrainedly for hours after she had seen her boy mount and ride off.

The days would have hung heavily, had not their soldier friends called. Colonel Willis' regiment was stationed only a quarter of a mile below the "Retreat," and he paid repeated visits. First, he came to ask Miss Raymond to sing for him. He said he had not heard a lady's voice discourse sweet music, since the fall of Vicksburg, until his visit to Mrs. Raymond's. For several days, he always had an excuse for calling; but soon he came solely to be with Kate, to hear her merry voice, and watch her bright, laughing face, as she would make a sharp repartee, in reply to some gallant speech. It has been often said that "Love follows beauty, as light does the sun," and truly could it be said of Kate. Her brother's many friends were frequent guests; and although the Retreat was nearly a mile from town, no inclemency of weather prevented her visitors from calling. Colonel Willis was always to be found there, when duty did not call him away.

The week preceding the 6th of February was a week of excitement to Kate,—a week that will live in her memory, when other days shall come, and when time has scattered silver threads in her dark, glossy hair. The faint streaks of light were just tingling the eastern skies, as a courier came into the town, and requested to be shown to General G—, who had command of the place. He had ridden hard and seemed weary. The news he brought was such, that, when it became known, the hearts of the people of L— sank within them. They knew that, in a few days, Sherman's army would be upon them. The dispatch brought in only said, "We will fall back on L— River. Begin to move in a few hours. In a skirmish, lost heavily—will bring off the wounded." The dispatch gave no names, and it was not till night that it was known who was among the wounded. Colonel Austen's Regiment came into L— just before noon; and without halting, the Colonel rode on to Mrs. Raymond's. His was a sad commission. Captain Raymond had been wounded in the fight, and it was now feared his wound was mortal. He was being brought on slowly; and at his request, Colonel Austen hurried forward to acquaint Mrs. Raymond with the sad news. Colonel Willis had been to see them that morning, and communicated the news brought in by the courier. They knew that General C— was retreating, and would fall back on L—. They had heard no particulars, but Mrs. Raymond's heart swelled with a presentiment of trouble. And when Colonel Austen came in, a few hours later, she trembled so much, as to be unable to stand. She scarcely waited for him to tell her the news. "Colonel, how is my son? Where is he? Do not tell me that he is wounded." "Yes, madam, I have the sad news to tell you. Captain Raymond was wounded yesterday; but, let us hope, not seriously."

"Where is he? Oh! tell me, you did not leave him to fall into the hands of the enemy?"

"No, Mrs. Raymond, he is coming on slowly. We did not leave any of our brave boys."

Mrs. Raymond did not hear the last sentence. A dimness came over her eyes,—her strength failed her. Colonel Austen caught her as she was falling, and placed her on a couch standing near. Kate, meanwhile, came into the room. Her mother's pale, deathlike face caused her to utter a scream,—she flew to her mother, and fell on her knees beside her. "Oh! mama, what is the matter?" Then, seeing Colonel Austen for the first time, she said, "Tell me what it is, I can stand any thing."

"I am pained to tell you, dear Miss Raymond, that your brother was wounded yesterday. He sent me to tell you of it. Let us hope it may only be a slight wound."

"Colonel Austen, you are not telling me true; you know that my brother is badly hurt. You would not come here to tell us he is only slightly wounded." A white, frightened look crept into her face, as she uttered the last words.

"Tell me, I beseech you,—do not deceive me,—if Douglass is dead?" Her voice was filled with agony and entreaty.

"No, Miss Raymond, he is not dead, but alive; and, I trust, he will be here in a few moments."

"My poor, dear mother, this blow will kill her," moaned Kate. Douglass was her only son, a son of whom it could be said, that he knew the law of perfect obedience, and delighted thereon.

Mrs. Raymond seemed bowed to earth, already she imagined her boy shrouded for his grave. When, at sunset, she saw a cortege come slowly up the avenue, she knew that it was Douglass being borne home.

But when she saw the ghastly pallor, that rested on his face, then came the fullness of her sorrow. She moaned in agony and despair. "Oh! my son, my son," burst from her tortured heart.

Captain Raymond seemed better, after resting from his long and painful ride. He had been under the influence of opiates for hours; but, waking from a deep sleep, he requested to see a surgeon. The doctor, standing near him, asked him what he wanted. Seeming to recognize no one, and unconscious of the locality, he said,

"Doctor, I want you to tell me if I can live? Don't mind telling me; I am not afraid to die. I would that I could see my mother once more. Can I live to get home?"

"You are at home, Captain, and don't talk about dying, man. Why I have seen men worse off, live to give the devils another brush."

Captain Raymond made no reply to the surgeon. He closed his eyes wearily, and then opening them, said, "Where is my mother? I want her."

The Doctor had requested Mrs. Raymond and Kate to leave the room; a few moments before Captain Raymond had spoken to him. He desired to make an examination of the wound; and he had only partially accomplished it, when he found that the poor sufferer could only live a few hours longer. He called Mrs. Raymond, and soon returned to his patient.

"Dr. Cain, I feel that I must die. Tell me, how much longer can I live in consciousness?"

"Captain, I would to God, I could save you; but a mysterious Providence has ordered it otherwise. I grieve to tell you, but I fear you may only linger with us for a short while."

He wiped a tear from his cheek, as he saw the mother and sister come into the room, so soon to be the chamber of Death. Douglass held out his hand, as his mother came to him.

"Mother, darling mother," and a sob choked his words. He commanded his voice, and then went on—"I am dying, but I am not afraid. I can cross the dark river and fear no evil; I can say 'God's will be done.' Dear mother, do not weep for your boy. He yields up his life for his country." A holy joy filled the countenance of the dying soldier. "Kate this world has been one of joy and happiness to you; but, my sister, I must leave you here. I am going home to live for ever. I want you to meet me there. Tell father I wanted to live for him, to help him, but God, in his wisdom, has removed that hope."

Douglass ceased speaking. His mother's and sister's sobs could not be restrained, and caused Dr. Cain to leave the room. Not many months before, he too, had seen his son die; but, alas, how differently! Douglass Raymond was dying at home, with the hands of his mother and sister to give him aid. His boy died on the battle-field, with only his father to witness the last final struggle. The old man wept in sorrow, as he heard the sobbing moans of that heart-stricken, mourning mother; and his heart was wrung with grief when he saw the young boyish face, so calm and fearless.

Mrs. Raymond watched all night, beside her dying boy. For hours he seemed to sleep heavily; then again he murmured gay snatches of some remembered song, or he was in camp, discussing the probable movements of the army. Dr. Cain roused him about daylight, and finding him stronger than he expected him, administered an opiate. He fell back, and slept again. Mrs. Raymond never left him a moment; and when he waked, near noon, she knew that life was nearly ebbing away. He turned his eyes upon her, and too weak to converse, only murmured, "Pray for me; I am going."

Dr. Cain, and Rev. Dr. Ford were present. Mrs. Raymond asked Dr. Ford to pray. She knelt beside Douglass, grasping his cold, death-damp fingers, while Dr. Ford prayed for the dying saint. A glow of heavenly rapture lit up the pale suffering face; and when the prayer was ended, Douglass Raymond was no more. His spirit had flown on the breath of prayer. The stillness of death filled the chamber, no wailing cry disturbed the silence. Mrs.

Raymond had fainted. Kate was stunned; her grief was too deep for sobs.

The last sad service was performed over the dead. They had dressed him in his uniform, shrouded him in the flag he loved so well, and for which he laid down his life. The sword he had drawn so many times, was placed in his grave with him. As the last shovelful of earth was thrown on his grave, the tribute to a brave soldier was paid him. His mourning comrades fired a funeral salute over his grave; and then, Douglass Raymond was left "to take his dreamless rest," free from war and its hardships. His weary, battle-worn soul was at peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIOUS.

Words of Soberness and Truth.

A SENSIBLE COLORED MAN'S ADVICE TO HIS BRETHREN.

Mr. J. A. Wood, of Sereven County, Georgia, sends to the Savannah News and Herald a letter which he has received from an old family servant, now living in this State. The letter, which might be read to good purpose by every colored man in the State who is not too blind to know the difference between a Southern white man and a Northern saddle-lagger, as follows:

BARNWELL DISTRICT, S. C.

July 5, 1868.

My Beloved Brethren!—If the Southern people are our enemies, where must we go to find our friends? We cannot go to the Radicals—they live in the North. They come South, foot us out of our votes go back home, and never think of the nigger till they get out of office and want another one.

I tell you, money is at the root of all their selfish talk and rascally acts. We have heard of a man that would be given to the black man, but we have never seen it yet, and never will see it. I don't believe the just God would suffer the work of such injustice to go on; and these sheep-headed Radicals can see it far into the future not to know what the ill consequences would be if they attempted to take away the Southern lands. I was Radical once; I'll tell you what changed me? When I came to this place in January, I had not bread for my family to eat. There I was, with my dear little tender ones, suffering for something to eat. Oh, brethren, you do not know how my brain burned, how my heart was made to bleed, by the cries of my starving children. I went to my Radical friends. They would not lend me one bushel of corn; but the gracious Lord, in his infinite wisdom, directed me to the Democrats—those whom I once called my enemies. I found food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, and am now happy, because I feel that I have friends. They will let me have what I want, but we can't get anything from the Radicals unless we get the Democratic man to stand our security. Which of the two are like our friends? I tell you now, if you are not working to support your Southern friends, you had better, ere you learn to do so to your sorrow. Go to the Bible. It will tell you that when Christ was on earth, He told the people to beware of the publican, which is the same as Radical,—nor do as they did. You know, brethren, if the Saviour spoke of them in that way, they must be grand rascals. We are poor, pitiful creatures—got no home, no money. Let us work, then, to make friends. How in the world can we live but in and through the Democrats? You may think they can't do without our labor, but they can; they can get white laborers. Dear brethren take my advice. I love you, and if you do not wish to wound my feelings, stick to the Southern man. He is your friend.

If you will join me, I want you to come over and live with me next year. If you don't, I bid you farewell, brethren; yes, a long farewell. I will have nothing more to do with you, only when your sweet thought Radicals leave you, to starve. Then will I give you bread—the Democrat's bread—to keep you alive.

May God move from your eyes the scales of ignorance, that you may see the path which is leading you to your own ruin.

I have a fine crop of cotton, corn and potatoes. I hope we'll all have good luck, and make money enough to buy us a piece of land from our Southern friends. Answer this letter as soon as you get it. Tell me all about my friends. Your affectionate brother,

AARON WOOD.

P. S.—I would like to have it published, sir, so that all my colored friends can see which is the right way for them to vote.

The house at Yonkers, which was Washington's headquarters, is being turned into a hotel.

Key Note of the Northern Campaign—Who Does the Money Go?

Over fifteen hundred millions of dollars have been collected by the United States Government, in the shape of Taxes, since the close of the war!

Just think of it!

One-half of the National debt!

Where has the money gone?

Is the debt any less?

No! It is more than it was three years ago!

While Congress has been making the negro the white man's equal, and "reconstructing," and impeaching, fifteen hundred millions have been taken from the pockets of the farmers, the mechanics and the laborers of the North!

The people were told by the Radical patriots, the thieves and humbugs, that the close of the war would see a restored Union, with peace and prosperity and happiness. Well, the war ended three years ago, the South laid down its arms and surrendered, but Radical hostilities have not ceased. The fight still goes on against eight millions of white men, women and children, and it costs the country just five hundred millions a year—that's the price.

What has become of these fifteen hundred millions?

Where have they gone to?

Have they gone to pay the public debt?

No. Not a bit of it!

How is it that in spite of all this taxation—

notwithstanding one-half of the whole National debt has been raised from the sweat and toil of the people, the burden is as heavy as oppressive, as crushing now as ever?

Fellow-citizens, these are questions for you to answer. Don't allow yourselves to be hoodwinked. Don't let just be thrown in your eyes by the conspirators who are stealing your rights and your money at the same time.

When you are asked next November for your vote in favor of Grant, who is the tool of a crazy Congress, demand to know what has become of the fifteen hundred millions of dollars taken out of your pockets during the past three years.

Ask them the reason why that the South, now that the negroes are free, produces only one-half what it formerly raised.

Ask them if the Fifteen Hundred Millions have not gone to

Support a great negro boarding house in the South? And to

Support a standing army over the South, in order that we may have

Negro Judges?

Negro Governors?

Negro Legislatures?

Negro Governments!

Instead of appropriating these fifteen hundred millions of dollars to the payment of the Public Debt, they have been expended for the maintenance of a grand system of pauperism, black pauperism, and Congress has just voted to continue the stupendous robbery another year.

What is the remedy? You have it in your own hands. Vote for men for every office, from President down, who are opposed to these outrageous swindles. Vote for a President who will agree to

Abolish the negro Bureau, and let the negroes shift for themselves.

Abolish the expensive standing army in the South.

But Grant won't do this. He says he has no opinions of his own, and will do just as Congress directs.

THE TROUBLES IN TENNESSEE.—A dispatch of August 1, from Nashville, says. Generals Cheatham, Manny and Bushrod Johnson sought and obtained an interview to-day with the Military Committee of the Legislature. The conference lasted two hours, and was cordial and satisfactory to both sides. The ex-Confederate generals expressed a most decided hostility to the programme of forcible resistance to the State government inaugurated by the Conservatives and rebel politicians, who are urging the people to resist the constituted authorities, characterizing them as citizens in war and generals in peace. They pledged themselves to go through the State, if necessary, and use their personal influence to promote peace and put an end to the operations of the Ku-Klux. General Cheatham spoke with deep feeling, saying that he kept the parole which he gave when he surrendered always about his person, and felt that he was in honor bound to yield quiet and honest obedience to the laws. There will be a convention in this city to-morrow of thirteen general officers of the late Confederate army to take into consideration what they can do to preserve the peace of the State.

The surface of a mountain in Wales, about nine miles in extent, was in flames a few weeks since. All the

AN ERROR IN THE PLATFORM.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel of yesterday says: General Hampton, in his speech on Wednesday night last, called the attention of his hearers to a clerical or typographical error in the Democratic platform, which does not appear to have been heretofore noticed. It is thus: It is in the 8th Resolution which declares against "the absolute doctrine of immutable allegiance," which should read "the sole doctrine of immutable allegiance," a very wide difference, certainly. This error was put in at the suggestion of General Preston, of Ky., and was expressive of the sentiment of the Democratic party, opposed to the European doctrine, once a British subject a citizen. It was intended to declare that the naturalized citizen was entitled to all the rights and protection abroad to which a native born citizen was; and hence the correction is an important one. We invite the attention of our cotemporaries to the correction and suggest that they give it in their columns.

NEWS FROM LIBERIA.—Letters from Liberia to the 11th of June have been received. These state that the large company of emigrants, which left Charleston, S. C. last November, were generally enjoying good health, and were doing well.

The season has been favorable to gardening and farming. Vegetables have been abundant, and the prospects of the rice and other crops very good. Ten thousand pounds of coffee and two hundred thousand pounds of sugar were produced in Montserrado County in 1867.

The commercial marine of the Republic is stated to have greatly increased within the last three years. There are now fifty-seven vessels of various sizes, and the Liberian merchant marine is believed to be fully able to supply the native market along that portion of the West African coast. A foreign steamer stops at Cape Palmas on an average of once a week.

The Hon. John B. Bay, Jr., the Minister Resident and Consul General of the United States to Liberia, lately arrived in this country on a visit to his family. It is his intention to return to his position in the fall.

Artificial Gold is manufactured largely in the United States into imitation jewelry and other articles, scarcely distinguishable from gold except by the inferior specific gravity, and it is a matter of surprise to almost any one to learn that it does not contain a single grain of the precious metal. It is made by taking 100 parts of pure copper, 17 of pure tin, 6 of magnesia, 9 of tartar of commerce, 3.6 of sal ammoniac, and 1.6 of diluted lime. The copper is first melted, and the other substances (excepting the tin) added a little at a time; and the whole well stirred for half an hour, so as to produce a perfect mixture; when the tin is thrown in and stirred round until melted. This effluvia is then covered, and the fusion kept up for 25 minutes and the scum taken off, when the substance is ready for use. It is malleable and ductile, and can be worked in any form, even into leaves like gold.

WITH YOU HAVE CIVIL WAR?—This question is pertinent. It comes home to every man in the country, and no life in the light of existing facts and in full view of the political situation, can fail to see its pertinence, nor can he ignore the significance of the present at this time.

The master issue of the campaign, as things now stand, is war or peace. Vote for Blair and Seymour, and secure their triumph, and you have war; vote for Grant and Colfax, and you have peace.

This is no false alarm, but a veritable statement of a patent truth.

[National Republican.]

That is to say, if the people cast votes enough for Seymour and Blair to "secure their triumph," the Grant party must resort to war to prevent the installation in office of those whom the people have elected. The successful party would have nothing to go to war for. The Republican can mean nothing but that the defeated party will resort to force sooner than relinquish power. The warning is frank, at least, and it is to be hoped the friends of Seymour in the North will give it due consideration.

[Richmond Whig.]

SCALDWAGS NOT WANTED.—The following advertisement appears in the Augusta Constitutionalist:

A CARD.—No native "scallawags" or their money are wanted in my store from this date. Negroes and Eastern men are excusable, even if they are in some cases in opposition to people of the South; but a native that turns traitor to his country ought not to be tolerated by law-abiding people.

Respectfully, &c. W. J. FARR.